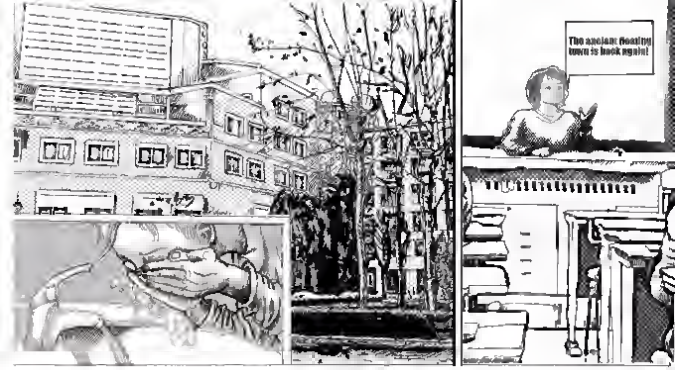
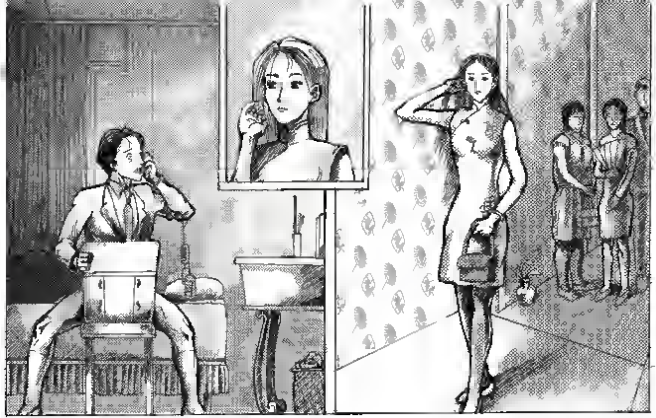
14. Grandma passed away when I was three years old. She died peacefully, as if she didn't fear death. Before my parents took me to see her, she said to us: "Do you know what in this world is real? And what is not? It's difficult to define..." As she said that I saw a beautiful bird suspended above her head, a bright light shining from her eyes. But, my parents didn't see this, they said it was in my imagination. But it's just as grandma said, what is real in this world?

15. I had a nightmare that day: Wang Ying Juan was wearing a skirt, turned around and stared at me. Following a light glowing from her chest, she became wrapped up in the rays, softly flying into the Milky Way. The vast Milky Way with a shining door at the end of it, magnificent. I woke up, breathless, I dreamt of her a lot lately, but she had died already and I felt anxious.

Let me introduce myself, my name is Hang Hui.


The ancient floating town is back again!

16. I'm a postgraduate studying cultural anthropology at Beijing Arts University. This subject was originally very popular in the West. It's very important for students researching cultural customs. I'm also a follower of Lu Xun, a man waiting to rapidly disappear. And that's how I live, not fascinated by the supernatural, and not believing in retribution.



17. I used to be happy and lazy, I'd shop, hang out, have many girlfriends, practicing to be a happy human being. But days after Ying Juan died, classmates began to comment if I had the qualities of a scholar. Mostly because I'd be frowning, with a worried look, walking slowly. Wang Yingjuan and I met at a club, finding out by chance that she was my class captain from elementary school. This time she was no longer the example student to me, but her beauty touched me deeply.

Why white paint?!

18. Wang Yingjuan is dead, she jumped from a building just a few days ago. Suicide, all her colleagues would say, but there were rumors that the police didn't believe that, and that there was evidence of murder. The rumors of murder in my mind were extremely dark and hard to cast out.

Auntie, I really don't know why.
Oh!..Rose came to me in a dream and told me she was murdered!
Avenge me! Mother!

19. This morning, Yingjuan's mother, Mrs Zhao, called me, telling me she had a dream that her daughter was murdered and telling her loudly to avenge her. So this woman was looking for clues, knowing that I'd been seeing the dead lately, asking me what I knew. I recognized her from childhood, she was my neighbor from back home, once very close. I guessed that she suspected me, so I explained to her, important to show my innocence. Coping was gone, my peace had gone: what was she hinting now she was dead? I didn't believe in the supernatural or in retribution. But now, faintly, I became aware of something, an unusual trace left behind in my mind.